

Daily Eagle

M. M. MURDOCK, Editor.

STRIKE QUICK, STRIKE HARD.

The genius of General Grant, the secret of his success, was in his doggedness of purpose. He won by persistently pounding the enemy. His predecessors failed by forever figuring, and his opponents lost in eternally strategically maneuvering. West Point tactics, Washington politics and cowardly diplomacy piled upon the American people an extra billion of distressing debt, and filled the land with the lamentations of the widows and orphans. It would be worth going a thousand miles to see the heavens over Havana parabolized by blazing shells and the sea waters around Morro and Punta ricocheted with bursting projectiles. There was nothing set out in our late declaration of war about reducing the Philippines, of capturing Porto Rico, or of whipping Hispano. In the name of outraged women and of starving children we simply declared it to be our national purpose and duty to drive Spain out of and away from Cuba. There was no intention of sailing the seas around in quest of an historical naval engagement, nothing was said of chasing lumber scows or of capturing prizes, nor did the American people contemplate anything more than the relief of their distressed neighbors who had been appealing to them for three years or more to be saved from extermination. These daily telegraphic details, therefore, of the North Atlantic squadron firing here, of the Pacific squadron there, and of flotillas, mosquitoes and flying fleets everywhere, coupled with the suggestion that for six months to come troops must be massed and drilled, leaving the navy to practice and maneuver, until the rainy season in Cuba has come and gone, is simply exasperating. The American people care nothing for the Philippines, have little interest in Porto Rico, and do not propose to concern themselves with the future of Spain. Our business is with Cuba, with a people right at our gates, our very next door neighbors. Every hour's delay but breaks the promise made to them, but turns their hope into despair, but stultifies our own deliberate and solemn action. Spain is thousands of miles away on the other side of the Atlantic, the Philippines are thousands of miles away on the other side of the Pacific, while the job we have undertaken is right at our hands. It is not a case of Europe or of Asia, but of America. If we have any warships that can throw shells, any boats that can shoot broadsides, any vessels that can project torpedoes, then let them be rounded up in the waters of the West Indies under orders to open out on the capital of Cuba, and set the sky afire over Havana. Land the boys in blue from thickly moving transports, at every unfortified port, until the island trembles beneath the tread of advancing hosts and the sneaking Spaniard is driven into the sea, or otherwise taken and held as a hostage against any piratical demonstrations of his home government on the high seas. We want no waiting until a host of aspiring brigadiers can get their straps on and under pay, but to strike quick, strike hard, strike without regard to cost or the feelings or interests of European nations; strike, if half the navy goes down before the victory can be won, for once won the job is over and done. If the European nations then in their own interests do not withhold Spain from suicide, we will in protecting our own take care of her.

SPAIN A REPUBLIC

One, if not the principal reason, for Europe's opposition to a war between the United States and Spain, is the fear that another monarchy may be resolved into a republic. A prolonged war is liable to leave Spain in the hands of the people instead of those of the contending hereditary aristocrats. If the general intelligence of Spain was up to that of even the state of Arkansas a republic would follow the defeat of the Sagasta government. Unfortunately only thirty-one per cent of the people of Spain can read and write. Sixty per cent of the most ignorant commonwealth in the American union can sign their names. There is an irrepressible conflict between the present ruling house of Spain and the Carlists.

A dispatch from Madrid says that 20,000 Spanish Republicans have signed an address to Senor Don Emilio Castelar, ostensibly congratulating him on his recovery from illness, but in reality offering him their support if he raises the flag of the republic. Senor Castelar, the dispatch says, will not reply directly to this flattering overture, but will take the opportunity to raise up in the cortes and avow his fidelity to the Spanish government during the war with the United States. He will also, still according to the dispatch, give expression to his keen disappointment that the government of the United States, which he once condemned to patronize, has "retroceded into the barbarism of war." As the dispatch was evidently inspired by Castelar, it may be regarded as a pretty accurate forecast of the speech he intends to deliver.

But Spain, or its Republican element,

should not turn to Castelar, who sacrificed them once to his pig-headed vanity. Castelar is no better than an American mugwump except in this, that the mugwump always favors the enemies of his party and of his country. However, it would be a happy day for Spain if our driving her out of Cuba should result in such a revolution at home as would relegate her hereditary dons and give her a real representative government of, for and by the people.

HOW ABOUT PRICES?

The great wheat deal is practically closed. Mr. Leiter is presumably richer by millions; but others are poorer. The producer may not have lost anything by the deal, even in the long run. Many were, indeed, individually benefited. The question now is, will food prices generally advance? Not necessarily, at least not immediately. If the war should last a long time breadstuffs and meats will advance and "war prices" will be marked up on many of the necessities of life. The advance which has taken place already on some of the lines of provisions is purely speculative. It will take a call for a far greater number of men to advance prices. The enlistment and provisioning of 125,000 men cannot materially affect consumption or production. A half million men would, and in a marked way and in a short time. It is said that there has been a rush all over the country by people laying in a supply of flour, tea, coffee, sugar and the like, and grocery men have thus profited. But there can be no immediate or appreciable advance in the price of these staples. Before war prices are marked many producers will have to become consumers and currency will have to fall below the gold standard. Of course these propositions are based on a war confined strictly to the United States and Spain. The west will feel the war in a shortage of money for investment, especially in new enterprises. War ties up investment money and calls a halt on new enterprises. As for every-day, ordinary local trade, it will go on uninterrupted and not greatly influenced by the fact of such a war as we have on hand.

ONE WAY TO STOP IT.

If after Spain is whipped out of Cuba she shows a disposition to keep up a harassing guerrilla war on the sea, there will be the other powers to reckon with. Should the powers consider the successful bombardment of Havana sufficiently decisive, intervention may be looked for on the grounds that the United States declared its only purpose to be to turn Cuba over to its own people. The forcible seizure of Havana means Cuba, means the routing of Blanco and his forces. With that accomplished the war should cease. Therefore the question of intervention by continental powers is a matter for consideration, as it may develop at any time. Twice of late has the concert of powers acted to stop hostilities. They intervened between Japan and China; they intervened between Greece and Turkey. In both instances hostilities were allowed to proceed to that point where it became apparent that one side had secured a material advantage. So in the present case continental intervention is to be anticipated after the decisive crisis of the war. This is not through friendliness or unfriendliness of one nation to the other, but is due to the necessities of protecting the interests which nations have in each other. Germany and France, for instance, have vast interests in the Spanish and Cuban bonds, held by their citizens; England has great commercial interests with the United States and Spain. All of the continental powers have an interest in maintaining the reigning dynasty in Spain, which might be endangered if left to absolute defeat.

OLD TIME GENERALS.

Grant, Logan and McClellan all desire to figure in the present war, and all as generals. We very much question the wisdom of commissioning either. George B. McClellan seems to be the most competent and brightest of these sons of illustrious sires. Fred Grant is in Washington as an applicant for a commission as major general of volunteers. He bases his claim upon the fame of his father and inherited military genius. He thinks that he has sufficient experience and military ability to command an army corps. Nothing that Fred Grant has done in life indicates that he could more than make a fair militiaman. John A. Logan wants to be a brigadier general. He might cut a figure in a home guard contingent. George B. McClellan, the son of "all quiet on the Potomac," has volunteered and also wants a commission as brigadier general. He is thirty-three years old, a graduate of Princeton university, class of '68, and was connected with several newspapers in New York before Tammany sent him to congress. He also belongs to one of the crack militia companies in that city, and was a colonel on the staff of Governor Hill.

STAY AT HOME.

One of the gratifying compensations of the present difficulty between Spain and the United States will be in the fact that the chronic globe trotters and European wanderers will have to stay at home, or at least on this side of the Atlantic, and spend their money. The \$16,000,000 or \$100,000,000 generally dropped into the lap of Europeans every summer will be largely circulated in the United States this summer. Europeans instead of preying on Americans will be subjected to the necessity of preying on themselves.

The Chicago Herald, commenting on this phrase of the war, observes that one of the results of a naval war will be a desertion of the seaside resorts by these Americans who have formerly lived there through the heated term. The trend will be to the mountains and

to the western mountains at that. It will be a good thing for Bonifacio of the northern woods and of those many cool elevations in the Rockies or the Sierra Nevada. It will be money in the pockets of passenger agents, of very interesting state drivers, and of guides innumerable. But it will be of far greater advantage to the guests themselves. They will learn an enforced lesson and will come to love it. They will find beauties they never before dreamed of. Incidentally the men may find opportunities for investment that will bring them in 20 and 60 and 100 fold. And—also incidentally—the young women may find heroes for husbands, prouder of muscle than dukes are of debt, nobler than princes impoverished, and much more loving and loyal than glasses of fashion and molds of form, who devote their best thought to the ball room.

LEVEL-HEADED BRITONS.

It is gratifying to discover that such savants as Prof. Goldwin Smith are disposed to justify the United States in its move against Spain. Prof. Smith's words are that the "intervention is justified in the interest of humanity." He believes that the withdrawal of Spain from Cuba will be another step in the inevitable emancipation of this western hemisphere from European domination or control. Another gratifying observation is in the attitude of Mr. Balfour, who is the acting head of the Salisbury government and who, when asked if he would not advise the convoking of a conference of neutral powers to deal with the present situation on this side of the Atlantic, instantly replied in the negative. He didn't believe that our affairs over here were any business of the neutral powers.

And Goldwin Smith further says that the Spaniards lack the natural mechanical skill to use their modern fighting machines effectively. The war upon which we are entering is to be distinctly a naval war, and mechanical skill will play a supreme part in it. If most of the fighting were to be done on the land the Spanish could use the knowledge inherited from centuries of unjust war. Even if the sea fighting were to be done with warships of the old style, their fleet would possibly be a match for ours at the start, but with the complicated fighting machines of this latter day mechanical skill will count for as much as nautical skill or individual bravery. Americans are conceded the world over to be the foremost nation of the world in mechanical skill. On the other hand it is almost certain that the Spaniards will fail, in the supreme test of a naval battle, to keep proper control of the great fighting machines which they have constructed for them by other European nations.

NO END OF STRENGTH.

This war is not going to wake up this nation to its best. There is not enough of it to call the American people out. If the war should involve other nations or there should occur an European coalition against us, then and speedily would the world understand that the United States is the greatest as it is the most self-confident and resourceful power on earth. We can raise food enough to feed an army of 2,000,000 men and all the people of the country beside; can manufacture clothing enough for all, and when a country has all the food and clothing it wants the necessities are covered. In addition to being self-sustaining we have 8,000,000 of militia in the sense of the constitution. No war with Spain can draw out our strength. America, in fact, does not appreciate her own power or greatness, probably not so vividly as do some of the statesmen of Europe. That this war is not considered perilous or doubtful in its issue, by our own people, or by the world, is seen in the figures and quotations of the financial markets. They have been but little affected. The average value of securities are as high as they were a year ago. Banks may curtail loans, but there is no present indication of such a policy. The condition of the country is as healthy as it was three months or a year ago. But before this trouble is over the strength and resources of this country may be called forth. Should they be the world will wonder. Only in the event of the nations of Europe getting ugly, or in the attempt of some of them to stand by Spain, will the real power and invincible greatness of the government founded by Washington and preserved by Lincoln be exhibited.

A dispatch from Hong Kong: "Dewey did. Dewey done."

There's many a yawn in war. There are always twenty maneuvers to every muss.

It is possible that Spain has a navy, but the gentleman from Missouri would like to see it for confirmatory purposes.

Old Mr. War has added a nice new wrinkle this week to his justly celebrated visage.

The wait can't be long now. In a few days the folding bed will begin to close up on Blanco.

At this rate the national guardsman is trying to devise a fire-cracker large enough to blow the Spaniards out of their hearts until late next fall.

Spain is inclined to intimate that our filibusters managed to land in Cuba without killing any mules either.

Two-thirds of the earth's surface is water and the Spaniards will use it all trying to keep out of the road.

During the next week Admiral Sampson should look around and shell something a little heavier than a strawberry box.

At this rate the national guardsman is trying to devise a fire-cracker large enough to blow the Spaniards out of their hearts until late next fall.

Spain is inclined to intimate that our filibusters managed to land in Cuba without killing any mules either.

Two-thirds of the earth's surface is water and the Spaniards will use it all trying to keep out of the road.

During the next week Admiral Sampson should look around and shell something a little heavier than a strawberry box.

At this rate the national guardsman is trying to devise a fire-cracker large enough to blow the Spaniards out of their hearts until late next fall.

Spain is inclined to intimate that our filibusters managed to land in Cuba without killing any mules either.

Two-thirds of the earth's surface is water and the Spaniards will use it all trying to keep out of the road.

During the next week Admiral Sampson should look around and shell something a little heavier than a strawberry box.

At this rate the national guardsman is trying to devise a fire-cracker large enough to blow the Spaniards out of their hearts until late next fall.

Spain is inclined to intimate that our filibusters managed to land in Cuba without killing any mules either.

Two-thirds of the earth's surface is water and the Spaniards will use it all trying to keep out of the road.

During the next week Admiral Sampson should look around and shell something a little heavier than a strawberry box.

At this rate the national guardsman is trying to devise a fire-cracker large enough to blow the Spaniards out of their hearts until late next fall.

Spain is inclined to intimate that our filibusters managed to land in Cuba without killing any mules either.

Two-thirds of the earth's surface is water and the Spaniards will use it all trying to keep out of the road.

During the next week Admiral Sampson should look around and shell something a little heavier than a strawberry box.

Return of the Master.

A man of middle height, with an old-fashioned nose, broad and a perplexed, wondering air. He attracted less attention in the Chantry room by reason of the fact that most of the visitors were young couples absorbed in the study of the romance of Spanish literature. He looked at the young couples with twinkling eyes, and nodded approvingly.

"No change there," he said with a sigh of relief.

He went into the Foster room and looked at the picture on the wall. One of the engaged couples came up and looked over his shoulder.

"Who's he supposed to be, George?" asked the lady curiously.

"That's the master of 'Oliver Twist,'" replied George, with the readiness of one for whom the world has no secrets. "Charles Dickens."

"I've read the name," said the young woman, "but what was he celebrated for?"

"For his novels," said George.

"Ever read any of his works?" asked the lady persistently. The man with the old-fashioned beard put his hand to his ear.

"Know something of the titles of 'em," answered George evasively.

At the glass-covered cases was something more flattering. There, spelling out the blue-inked manuscript of "Domby and Son," and reading with greater ease the bolder handwriting of "Oliver Twist," the party of gentlemen talked excitedly. In their enthusiasm they desired to buy the books; they summoned a thoughtful policeman and asked him how many thousands of dollars his people would require for one of them. The policeman shook his head slowly and said, with respect, that the country would have to be precious hard up before it parted with one of them. This only increased the Americans' admiration.

"They've forgiven me for 'Martin Chuzzlewit,'" said the master to himself. "I'm glad."

He went out of the museum presently into Brompton road, and stepped into a hansom, and drove to the Fidelity Circus.

He seemed dazed at the white glow of light that met him there; at the high buildings bordering the triangular square. "This is not much like London," he said.

Leicester Square gave him more astonishment, and he hurried into a court and tried to think. Two matronly women were bragging of their children; the eldest boy of one was doing something heroic in the sea, and the other, a girl, was believed to be a pale woman, had a boy who was being looked after by the poor law guardians, and the mother declared, was as healthy as healthy, and about to go to Kneller Hall. "You'd never expect to find a son of mine," said the white-faced woman.

"I wonder," said the master, "I wonder now whether I helped in that!" An idea occurred to him. "Drury Lane!" He knew of Drury Lane. The past the Garrick Club and along the south side of Covent Garden, and eventually into Drury Lane.

"Now," he said, "I shall be reminded of the old days. Where is the yard in which I used to play?"

It seemed that Drury Lane had, in a sense, been to a dentist to have itself put right, and that the dentist advised Drury Lane to have them all out on one side and to buy a new set. The old building had been pulled down, gaps hidden by joyful hoardings. The old graveyard had become a clean, neat, asphalted playground for children. "Changes!" he said, with only a touch of sadness, for he was not really sorry.

"He waited and listened, as had always been his manner, to the talk of the people. It was some time before he could understand them, for they were talking of the new Cockney, and then he asked civilly what country they were from that conspired him to go home and fry his face. The advice might have been well intentioned, but it was not, in view of the circumstances, the best. He strove to get to Holborn, and across to Bloomsbury. Except that this district was an accentuated lodging-house area, there was little of change. A bookshop, with a volume entitled 'The Moral Lesson of the Revolution,' by One Who Knew Dickens," drove him from Bloomsbury.

Back at Oxford Circus the swift rush of traffic, the winking, starting advertisements that appeared and disappeared, the confusion of all these things confused and worried him, and he began to wish for midnight. He tried to find Soho, and could only discover Shaftesbury avenue. Crossing the road, he was in evening dress, had not two young men in evening dress caught him neatly and bowed him into the pavement.

"Not hurt, sir, I hope," said one.

"Not hurt, I think you're replied, "but my head is a little dizzy. I'm in a greater hurry than I was in my day."

"We all have to push," said the other young fellow, "howd'ya. Can we give you any further assistance, sir?"

"Gentlemen," he said, courteously, "I can not trespass on your goodness."

"You look tired," said the first youth.

"I am tired."

"Come into our cab and rest for a bit. We are literary men—or think we are—and there will be some others there."

It was 11:30 now. They escorted him to their club and took him up the broad staircase into the smoking-room. The smoking-room was a large room, and every one seemed to be talking about books. The master, comfortable in an arm-chair, near the fire, listened anxiously. The members were all young men—men who were probably in their baseliest in the time that his spirit flew away from God's Hill and from this earth. His two hosts left him with an excuse to join the heated debate. Current reputations formed the subject of the conference, and in order to save time, everybody spoke at once. Many were talking about themselves.

"They've forgotten me," said the master, regretfully.

Indeed, this did at first appear to be the case. Presently, however, he caught his name, and he half rose in his chair. No infant author waiting for his first notice could have been more nervous than he was at that moment.

"Well," a loud-voiced man at the fireplace had said in speaking of a modern writer, "I've heard him referred to as a modern Dickens."

For a moment there was a hush, but only for a moment. Then there rained down upon the loud-voiced man a swift, deafening torrent of genuine reproach. Eagerly the master listened. How dared any one (the young members said, excitedly) compare the master of the experts and the great writer with him? Dickens stood alone! Dickens always would stand alone! "Gentlemen," cried one of the young men earnestly, "I give you 'Charles Dickens!' God bless his memory and keep it always green!"

The clock struck 12. A happy-faced, old-fashioned man stole quietly out of the room—illustrated London News.

Cyclists Fatalities in England.

The cycling fatalities during the present year in England numbered seventy-four, and is said to be one for every 30,000 cyclists. There were two males to one female killed. Fifteen pedestrians were killed by being knocked down by cyclists.

The man who is really suffering most from war is the professional expert who is trying to devise a fire-cracker large enough to express our feelings that Fourth of July and yet not large enough to demolish adjoining buildings.

Spain's Asiatic Possessions.

Spain has reason to fear that the loss of Cuba will be but one of the disasters to befall it in the present war with the United States. It is recognized in all quarters that the queen regent would have been willing to let the Cuban insurrectionists have the island without further protest had it not been for the fact that giving up probably would have incited an insurrection at home, resulting in the loss of the crown to her son before he should have a chance to ascend the throne. It is quite reasonable a probability that the Philippine islands, that splendid colony of Spain in the East Indies, would have been lost to Spanish control at the same time, and that the island of Puerto Rico, the last remnant of Spain's great colonial possessions in the western hemisphere after Cuba is gone, would have gained freedom. Now, having pursued the only course in Cuban affairs the United States would permit, with American ships in Cuban waters and other American warships moving on Manila, Spain has fair to lose the Philippines quite as surely as if it had taken the other horn of the dilemma.

So impressed were they by the coincidence that two persons of the same names as themselves, probably having served in the same regiment and undoubtedly killed in the same battle, should be buried side by side, and that they, thirty years afterwards, while serving in the same regiment, should visit the scene of these men's death and unwittingly stumble across their graves, that they sent for a photographer and had their pictures taken, each standing at the head of the grave of the man of his name. These two first regiment boys then wrote their names, the date of their visit and the name of their regiment on the two stones and carried away several leaves and hickory nuts which had fallen on the mounds from the overhanging trees.

Colonel R. C. Marshall, a well-known ex-Confederate and a leading citizen of Portsmouth, N. H., is in Washington. He wants authority to raise a brigade of colored troops. He intends to call his brigade "Marshall's black battering ram," and thinks he can do good service for Cuba with it.

As a genuine curiosity, the two army omnibuses belonging to the Fort Reno squadron of the First cavalry left Buffalo Bill's Deadwood stage to pieces. These venerable relics of old frontier days were used at Fort Reno to carry mail and passengers to and from the fort and the nearest town.

The Jack tars on the Dada, says the Baltimore Sun, were not slow in embracing the chance for a chat with waiting friends last night. There could have been written a new version to the old couplet:

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

And prays for the soul of poor Jack."

There are any number of sweet cherubs who sat on the wharf and talked of the time when Jack would not need her prayers.

On Colonel Park's camp table at Chickamauga Park stands the picture of a beautiful child, and it is known through out the regiment as "the good fairy of the colonel's tent." The subject of the likeness is Drury Lane, the daughter of the colonel's grand-daughter, and her father is Lieut. Harry Trout, of the Second cav.

At Tampa, Fla., if Cuban physicians have entered the service of the United States government. They are regarded as specialists in Cuban disease, and will accompany the invading army.

Thirty Texas frontiersmen are on their way to Atlanta, Ga., to serve as scouts in Cuba. They speak Spanish as fluently as they shoot.

On Sunday, 6,000 people visited the camp of the regulars at New Orleans. The fair grounds were covered with grass when the troops arrived, but the immense number of visitors had trampled down the grass, and it is as bare as a plank floor.

Matine's oldest volunteer to fight Spain is ex-Governor Garcelon, of Lewiston, aged 80. He served Uncle Sam through one war, and he was then, thirty-seven years ago, over the exempted age.

Sergeant Bronson Coffman, a young society man of Parkersburg, West Virginia, and Miss Dora Coffman, a young lady in the presence of the bridegroom's comrades, all in uniform, in that town on Monday. It was a June affair that bloomed in April. Cause, war.

At Woodstock, Va., Frank Kearney of the Audubon Guards, will wed Miss Ella G. Johnson. The original plan contemplated June nuptials.

Little War Sketches.

Near Chickamauga Park, where the regulars are now assembling, is the Chickamauga Cemetery, containing the graves of 12,000 men. In this cemetery lie the remains of soldiers who were killed in the battles of Murfreesboro, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, Lookout Mountain and Stone River. When the First Regiment of the Illinois National Guard was in Chattanooga, some time ago, Sergeant Charles G. Towne and Private Steppard, of Company E, took a stroll through the cemetery, scrutinizing the tombstones of the federal dead. After examining the graves of several hundred, to their astonishment they stumbled across two headstones lying side by side, marking the last resting place of two soldiers of their own name. The dead men were J. E. Towne and P. W. Steppard, of Michigan. While neither of the living soldiers had any recollection of any relatives serving in Michigan regiments, they both claimed that cousins of their respective fathers were killed in one of the many skirmishes and battles around Chattanooga and their remains interred in the cemetery.

So impressed were they by the coincidence that two persons of the same names as themselves, probably having served in the same regiment and undoubtedly killed in the same battle, should be buried side by side, and that they, thirty years afterwards, while serving in the same regiment, should visit the scene of these men's death and unwittingly stumble across their graves, that they sent for a photographer and had their pictures taken, each standing at the head of the grave of the man of his name. These two first regiment boys then wrote their names, the date of their visit and the name of their regiment on the two stones and carried away several leaves and hickory nuts which had fallen on the mounds from the overhanging trees.

Colonel R. C. Marshall, a well-known ex-Confederate and a leading citizen of Portsmouth, N. H., is in Washington. He wants authority to raise a brigade of colored troops. He intends to call his brigade "Marshall's black battering ram," and thinks he can do good service for Cuba with it.

As a genuine curiosity, the two army omnibuses belonging to the Fort Reno squadron of the First cavalry left Buffalo Bill's Deadwood stage to pieces. These venerable relics of old frontier days were used at Fort Reno to carry mail and passengers to and from the fort and the nearest town.

The Jack tars on the Dada, says the Baltimore Sun, were not slow in embracing the chance for a chat with waiting friends last night. There could have been written a new version to the old couplet:

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft."

And prays for the soul of poor Jack."

There are any number of sweet cherubs who sat on the wharf and talked of the time when Jack would not need her prayers.

On Colonel Park's camp table at Chickamauga Park stands the picture of a beautiful child, and it is known through out the regiment as "the good fairy of the colonel's tent." The subject of the likeness is Drury Lane, the daughter of the colonel's grand-daughter, and her father is Lieut. Harry Trout, of the Second cav.

At Tampa, Fla., if Cuban physicians have entered the service of the United States government. They are regarded as specialists in Cuban disease, and will accompany the invading army.

Thirty Texas frontiersmen are on their way to Atlanta, Ga., to serve as scouts in Cuba. They speak Spanish as fluently as they shoot.

On Sunday, 6,000 people visited the camp of the regulars at New Orleans. The fair grounds were covered with grass when the troops arrived, but the immense number of visitors had trampled down the grass, and it is as bare as a plank floor.

Matine's oldest volunteer to fight Spain is ex-Governor Garcelon, of Lewiston, aged 80. He served Uncle Sam through one war, and he was then, thirty-seven years ago, over the exempted age.

Sergeant Bronson Coffman, a young society man of Parkersburg, West Virginia, and Miss Dora Coffman, a young lady in the presence of the bridegroom's comrades, all in uniform, in that town on Monday. It was a June affair that bloomed in April. Cause, war.

At Woodstock, Va., Frank Kearney of the Audubon Guards, will wed Miss Ella G. Johnson. The original plan contemplated June nuptials.

Along the Kansas Nile.

If Leody does go to war, Harvey will amputate Ed. Little.

If Coburn is to get into this gubernatorial fight at all, it is about time he was painted a dull lead color.

Kansas men and officers will not be unduly alarmed. There are no uniforms this side of Colorado.

Fred, Funston will not be a colonel in the Kansas army long. He will get orders to accompany some regular army general in the field.

"What are we blockading Havana harbor for?" asked a man yesterday. "The Maine is at the bottom of it," answered another.

Not a single one of Kansas' long list of female suffragists has at this momentous gasp expressed the regret that she was not a man.

Bernard Kelly has been entirely lost in the shuffle, but he is somewhere whispering in some ear, and praying for the army at real-time.

Ingalis says that Sherman's retirement was a notable career ending in a farce. Ingalis has a particularly pathetic regard for great men deposed.

A Girard Populist paper says that the United States flag is merely an old rag and it is certain and ridiculous to teach little children to worship it.

The millitamen in Ohio, Illinois and Pennsylvania and New York are a lot of uniformed duds. This is the truth and the raw Kansas boys will do more and better fighting.

Albert Bigelow Paine has new story out in which two people escape a cyclone on bicycles. Around every cyclone there is a suction of wind in which no bicycle could be made to stand.

Queer things happen in this world. A whole lot of fellows in Kansas who do not want to go to war have imagined a week ago that the way to keep out of war was to join the Kansas militia.

The Salvation Army in all Kansas towns, crushed and broken, sneaks meekly away to a quiet corner and gathers weakness about the brass drum. The newly organized company has dwindled, annihilated.

There is imminent danger that when the commander gives the word to the Kansas company to fire, it will turn and shoot them all with their Kansas leveled, getting photographs of the scene "just before action" for the folks at home.

Adjutant Brown of Kingman was the first officer appointed by Leody. Two months ago Brown told Leody there was going to be war, and that he wanted the Leody to be in charge of the army at the time, but when war came he gave Brown his first shot.

Outlines of Oklahoma.

Governor Barnes went into the civil war as a telegraph operator.

The Guthrie Leader says that the report that Spain has a navy is a fake.

If Dick Plunkett can get to Cuba he threatens to poll the Spaniards.

Ponca City has a new concern called the National Branding Iron company.

The El Reno Wholesale grocery company has increased its capital stock from \$10,000 to \$20,000.

It is reported that a Spanish spy stole three eggs from the back yard of Rosenbaum at Guthrie last Friday.

One Oklahoma paper which is impatient of the blockade, suggests that some one may have cut Sampson's hair.

Some of the Oklahoma papers have had Gladstone dead twice this week. So have several of the Kansas papers.

After waiting on Governor Barnes several days Palmer of McJannet says he doesn't see what Spain has to be proud about.

J. W. McNeal, W. S. Spencer and O. P. Cooper are sureties on the \$10,000 bond given by the new librarian, G. H. Hodson.

It is reported that a picked troop of the Seventh cavalry will be sent to Fort Hill at once to guard Geronimo's band of Indians.

The Jennings boys probably wish they would have an offer from the government to go to Cuba. They are certainly brave enough.

The county seat fight in Grant county is going along without any bitterness. This is the way county seat fights should be settled.

No man should enlist in Oklahoma's cavalry with the idea that there will be no fighting. Oklahoma's quota will go to the front immediately.

An Oklahoma man says there is just about as much chance of getting shot in battle as there was in getting the first claim along the line in a run.

If there are deputy marshals in Oklahoma's cavalry and the Spanish troops try any doubling on their track there is going to be a big